

The Fireside.

For the Farmers' Vindicator.
Farmer's Ode.

BY T. E. TATE.

The sun, great orb of burning fire,
Dyes the horizon red,
And all night's sable shades retire
Before his burning spread;
The grass appears, like angel tears,
Upon it had been hung,
Or fairy hands, from crystal lands,
A pearly shower had hung.

The woodland songsters sport and sing
In every gay, green tree,
And soon the emerald forests ring
With bursts of minstrelsy.
Now farmers gay, at dawn of day,
To grassy fields repair,
And maidens bright, at morning light,
To milk the cows prepare.

Bright, laughing boys, with happy looks,
Drive in the lowing herds,
While little misses on their books,
Or watch the fleeting birds,
And some it suits, to gather fruits,
Some help to dust the house,
Some guide the reel, or spinning wheel,
While some in play carouse.

And now the morning's work all done,
The breakfast o'er at last,
Out to the field the boys all run,
To ply their daily task;
Beneath the sky, of fierce July,
They toss the shining hoe,
No idle hand, in all that band
Fails to keep up his row.

At length the dinner-bell's glad sound,
Peals through the heated air,
The hoes are thrown upon the ground,
And homeward all repair;
And many a jump, and many a bump
Our little workers take,
While the old man, with staid plan,
A sober journey makes.

The house now reached, the thirsty horde
Flies to the water shelf,
With life's elixir filled, the gourd
Dispenses living wealth;
No picture, I'm very sure
E'er quaffed his rich champagnes
With such a pride, as they imbibe
This nectar from earth's veins.

And now in right good country style
They take their friendly dinner,
Each face wears just that jovial smile
As ill becomes a sinner.
Their meal now done, away they run,
To sport, to climb, to swim,
And truest pleasure, without measure
Abounds in every whim.

When thus two blissful hours are spent,
They seek the sunny field,
Till darkness shrouds the continent
Their plows and hoes they wield.
No cares annoy, the farmer boy,
No troubles can depress,
Who, working still, with iron will,
Subdues a wilderness.

All honor to our Farmer Band,
Our nation's crown are they,
Where'er stern war assails their land,
These prove its proudest stay.
To their losses, fill your glasses
To the coming brim, and drain;
Our toast shall be "Our country free,
And her noble farmer men!"

NITA WHEELER'S MISTAKE.

BY ELIZABETH A. S. CHESTER.

"Isn't it perfectly horrid? We're going to have that Winslow girl next door to us!" remarked Miss Nita Wheeler to her room-mates just after rooms had been assigned at the "Ely Female College."

"What of that responded Nell Chapman. "There'll be plenty of other girls in the hall to associate with, if we don't like her."

"That may be; but you can't think how annoying Miss Winslow's familiarities are to me. She's in my division you know, and she addresses me by my first name, just as Lou Wild, Nell Thornton, or any of the girls of our set do. Yesterday, when we were going down to lecture, she actually threw her arm around me, and said, 'Won't you please let me look at your notes on yesterday's lecture, Nita? I've mislaid mine.' Nita, indeed! I just looked at her and said, 'I don't think you could read my notes, Miss Winslow.' She didn't know enough then to take away her hateful arm. I just detest this school. You have to associate with everybody!"

"It's dreadful!" ejaculated Nell. But Nell was just leaving the room, and Lou Wild, who passed her in the hall, saw a sarcastic expression in her face. Nell was Judge Chapman's daughter, and Nita was fond of referring to her as her "most intimate friend," and of saying that she "perfectly adored her."

Nita was a somewhat piquant, rather pretty, very stylish young lady, who had so much to say about "first families," people who were "in society," and people who were "not in society," as to create a suspicion among her teachers and the older girls that the social position of her own family was not just what she wished.

At the first glance she had decided that the Winslows couldn't be "in society," and as she informed Nell Chapman, she "didn't wish while at Ely to form any acquaintances which she could not recognize after leaving school;" so that, though the girls in the same division were closely associated, Nita had persistently repelled all Mabel's advances.

"You so near! Why, isn't that nice?" said Mabel, as she stepped out of 83 the evening after rooms had been assigned, and saw Nita on the threshold of 81.

"Indeed!" responded Nita very distantly. Though Mabel could have had nothing whatever to do with her location in the building, Nita appeared to imagine that she

had come into No. 83 that she might be near her, and cultivate her highly desirable acquaintance. She accordingly bore herself with the utmost reserve towards Mabel, and soon came to utterly ignore her neighborhood.

Worse than that, she was so possessed with the idea that Mabel coveted her society, and was trying to push herself into her good graces, that she was once or twice positively rude to her in the class-room.

Nell Chapman, on the contrary, though she belonged to a higher class, and might have been a little more exclusive and dignified, used to spend hours lounging on Mabel's bed, telling stories, and (shall I say it) sucking oranges.

"I don't see how you can be so intimate with her. You don't know who her people may be," said Nita one day.

"I believe I do, though," replied Nell, with a twinkle in her eye. "She spoke the other day about her father having an interest in the New York Central. Possibly he's a brakeman."

"Quite likely."

Vacation came, and Nita, whose home was hundreds of miles from Ely, had received an invitation to visit Mr. Brocklesbie, a friend of her mother, who lived in an adjacent State. After starting, Nita was somewhat disturbed to find Miss Winslow in the cars.

Nell and Lou left the train before it reached Winona, and then Nita sat back with an air of dignity calculated to repel all advances. Very soon she drew a magazine from her pocket and began to read. In less than five minutes, up the aisle came "Miss Winslow."

"Nellie Chapman told me you were going to Winona," remarked she, seating herself beside Nita.

"I'll pay Nell for that," thought Nita to herself. She replied with extreme coolness—

"I am."

"My home is in Winona. We will try to make your stay there pleasant."

"I expect to be entertained by my friend Mrs. Brocklesbie, thank you."

Nita turned a leaf of her magazine, and appeared entirely absorbed in its contents. Miss Winslow made no further attempts at conversation.

Winona village was three miles from the railroad. Only one private carriage was in waiting at the depot. Deluded Nita walked up to it with an air of assurance.

"Whose carriage is this?" demanded she of the driver.

"Governor Winslow's, miss," said the driver, at the same time touching his hat deferentially to Miss Winslow, and handing her a note.

Mabel read the note, and with a quiet smile, passed it to Nita. It ran as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS.—Mr. Edmund Brocklesbie expects a young lady from Ely, a Miss Wheeler, to spend the vacation at his house and, as he has no carriage to send for her, I proposed her riding up with you. It will doubtless be much pleasanter for her than coming up in a hack.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

Nita blushed scarlet. She was too confused to think clearly, or she might have decided to take a hack. But the driver hopped off his box, and at a signal from Miss Winslow, helped poor Nita in.

As soon as she recovered her composure a little, she addressed herself to the hitherto despised school-mate with the greatest affability. But there was a spice of mischief about Miss Mabel. She leaned back now on the velvet cushions, assuming Nita's favorite air of dignified reserve. It was her turn now, and Nita was greatly relieved when the carriage stopped.

"This is Mr. Brocklesbie's, Miss Wheeler," remarked Miss Winslow, and the freezing politeness of manner with which she accepted Nita's thanks was a capital piece of acting, to say the least.

As the carriage door closed behind her, Nita was sure she heard a soft laugh. So vexed and chagrined was she that she completely disappointed herself in her hope of making a favorable "first impression" upon Mrs. Brocklesbie.

"Mr. Brocklesbie would have hired a carriage to meet you," said that lady at the tea-table that evening, "but Governor Winslow thought it would be pleasanter for you to ride up with his daughter. School-girls are always fond of each other's society."

"Is she his daughter then?" asked Nita.

"Certainly. You didn't learn it from her, I dare say. She is very modest. She has received an unusually fine home training. Her mother is a lady who cares very little for 'style,' but both socially and intellectually, she is a very superior woman."

The following day Mrs. Brocklesbie took Nita to walk, and they passed the Governor's residence. It was an elegant establishment, the house and grounds in the style of a French villa, with fountains, statuary, and terraced lawns.

"The Governor is wealthy, and he and Mrs. Winslow have excellent taste," said Mrs. Brocklesbie. "The interior of the house is perfect. You, doubtless will be invited to spend a day or two there. Mabel is very considerate, and not in the least aristocratic."

Nita didn't feel so confident of the invitation.

At the eleventh hour Nita did, indeed, receive an invitation to the party; and,

though she accepted and did her best to conciliate her school-mate, it was of no avail. Mabel, when first at school, been pleased with Nita's piquant ways, but her eyes had been fully opened to the girl's shallow character, and she did not now wish to make a friend of her. Besides, she felt that her unladylike conduct deserved rebuke.

Nita soon discovered that Mrs. Brocklesbie had conceived a prejudice against her, and she welcomed the day for her return to school.

"I declare," said she to Nell Chapman, "one never knows who any one is. Who would have thought that Mabel Winslow was a governor's daughter? And there's Nell Thornton, whom we've made so much of,—her father is just a shoemaker!"

"I've known that these ages. Who cares?" responded Judge Chapman's daughter.

Nita's mortifying mistake did not make her a "democrat" at once, but she was at least careful afterwards to conceal her silly notions about the caste and "set" of her associates. True men and women estimate people by their moral and mental qualities, not by their apparent position in society.

A GRAND REBUKE.—Recently, in Dublin, after the excitement of the personal visit of Messrs. Moody and Shanley had somewhat subsided, one of the theatres of the city had attempted to sound and demoralize the public mind on the subject of the revivals of religion, by the introduction of a profane comedy, wherein one of the characters thought he felt a little Moody, and another had bad symptoms of being decidedly Shanley-monious. At first the audience showed surprise; then, as the wicked design of the plot became more evident, they hissed and kept things lively, as they gave testimony against the satanic purpose of the play. At length a stentorian voice, like the call of a bugle, started one of Bro. Shanley's most stirring and contagious songs, "Hold the Fort!"

Hoi my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Re-inforcements now appearing,
Victory is high!
"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still.
Wave the answer back to heaven—
"By thy grace and will."

The line of heroic battle wavered but for an instant, and then, as the chorus was reached, the whole audience joined in a fervor and an enthusiasm which drove the astonished actors from the stage and rolled down the curtain—that dark and gloomy emblem of defeat. Satan had struck his flag.

How often a little true heroism, exhibited in a Christian spirit and at the right time, could save the cause of Christ and truth from dishonor and defeat! When the sanctity of the Sabbath, when the cause of temperance are assaulted and endangered, let the battle hymn of self-sacrifice and true Christian courage be sounded, "Hold the Fort!"—Standard.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people; don't shut up your homes lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the dusty cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come in at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour round the lamp and freights of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.—Dio Lewis.

ORIGIN OF THE GOD HYMEN.—Danchet, the French poet, tells us, respecting the deification of Hymen, that he was a young man of Athens, obscurely born, but extremely handsome. Falling in love with a young lady of distinction, he disguised himself in a female habit, in order to get access to her and enjoy the pleasure of her company. As he happened to be one day in this disguise with his mistress and her female companions, celebrating on the seashore the rites of Ceres Eleousina, a gang of pirates came upon them by surprise and carried them all off. The pirates, having conveyed them to a distant island, got drunk for joy and fell asleep. Hymen seized his opportunity, armed the virgins, and dispatched the pirates; after which, leaving the ladies on the island, he went in haste to Athens, where he told his adventure to all the parents, and demanded her he loved in marriage as her ransom. His request was granted, and so fortunate was the marriage that the name of Hymen was ever afterward invoked in all future nuptials, and in progress of time the Greeks enrolled him among their gods.

Paraffine is the best material for protecting polished steel or iron from rust.

ADVICE TO A GIRL WHO IS FINISHED.—

Josh Billings gives the following:
Gertrude, you tell me you have been 2 years at a boarding school, and have just finished your education, and want to know what you shall do next.

Listen, my gushing Gertrude, and I will tell you.

Get up in the morning in good season, go down into the kitchen, seize a potato by the throat with one hand and a knife with the other, skin the potato, and a dozen more just like it, stir up the buckwheat batter, look in the oven and see how the bliskies are doing, bustle around generally; step on the cat's tail, and help your good old mother to get breakfast.

After breakfast, put up the young children's luncheon for school, help wash up the dishes, sweep-sweep, put things in order, and sumtime during the day nit at least two inches and a half on sum of your brother's little blue stockings for winter.

In other words, go to work and make yourself useful now that you have become ornamental, and if you have enny time left after the beds are all made and the ducks have been fed, pitch into the pianer and make the old rattle box scream with music.

Do this for one year, and sum likely yung feller in the neighborhood will hear of it, and will begin to hang around you and say sweeter things than yu ever heard before, and finally will give yu a chance to keep house on your own hook.

You follow advice, Gerty, and see if he don't.

WOMAN'S JUDGMENT OF MAN.—Many men are managed into matrimony—more, indeed, than are led by love. Manager as woman is constitutionally, she is seldom a mere manager under connubial provocations, unless she has been duped and mistreated before. Deceived again and again, she is forced into an attitude of self-defence, and this by added rudeness and repugnance, grows to be invasive. If she learns to despise a certain class of men, it is that class who have been her teachers. If her understanding of their set be unfavorable, it is because she has known none of a superior order. She is rarely rendered skeptical or morose as to lose faith or feel bitterness toward men even one of a noble type has come to her. Rather, she makes him the standard; through him she judges leniently and favorably of his kind. After Briseis had loved Achilles she fancied the Greeks loved all heroes. So much better for the Greeks; so much worse for Briseis.—Galaxy.

A GOOD THOUGHT WELL SPOKEN.—No young woman, says a cotemporary, ever looks so well to a sensible man as when dressed in plain, neat modest attire, with but little ornament about her person. She looks then as though she had worth in herself, and needed no artificial rigging to enhance her value. If a young woman would spend as much time improving her mind, training her temper, and cherishing kindness, mercy and other good qualities, as most of them do on extra dress and ornaments to increase their personal charms, she would at least be recognized among a thousand—her character would be read in her countenance.

Chickens want no food many hours after they are hatched, as they are then digesting the yolk of the egg, which constitutes their first food, and acquiring strength to run about. When they begin to peck, they should be fed with soft food and very small grain. Unquestionably the best soft food is an egg beaten up with a tablespoon of milk, and heated in an oven or by the side of a fire until it settles into a soft custard. Chickens fed, or partly fed on this make wonderful progress. If they are to make large fowls they must be fed soon after daylight; if, as is too often the case, they are left hungry for three hours in the morning, they are always stunted in their growth. They must be fed the first thing, and while they are young, every two or three hours during the day.

A president of an agricultural society calls attention to the fact that there is in a standard legal barrel only 100 quarts, while the ordinary flour barrel, most in use among farmers in the sale of potatoes and apples, contains nearly one-eighth more. Farmers sell their produce in flour barrels, and merchants transfer the same to standard barrels, making a profit on quantity as well as on price. In the sale of 800 barrels of potatoes from a farm, the proprietor loses 100 barrels, worth \$250 for which he might as well be paid. The middle-man, not the consumer, profits by this. Farmers, see to it that you employ the one-hundred quart barrels hereafter.—Pacific Rural Press.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.—Getting up in a cold room to make a fire is like getting up in life. If you crawl timidly out of bed, go on tiptoe to the stove, and allow the shivers to get control of you before kindling starts, your fire will probably be a failure, and you will half freeze to death in the operation. But if you jump out bravely, bustle around, pull on your clothes, kick over a chair or two and pitch in the stove wood, you will probably be to warm by the time the fire gets to burning. So in life; attack it timidly and you fail. Grapple with it, hurry up things, stir around conquer fortune, and you will be a success.

WORTH KNOWING.

Rubber rings, slipped over bottles when packing, ensure safety against breakage.

Rancid butter, pork and lard casks may be purified by burning straw or shavings in them.

A piece of alum as big as a hickory nut will render clear a pail of muddy water. Dissolve the alum, stir and allow the impurities to settle.

A strong solution of carbolic acid and water poured into holes, kill all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off. So says a correspondent who has tried it on ants nesting in his garden.

CUT WORMS.—J. Parish Steel, of Alabama, writes the Journal of Agriculture that his experiments show that a handful of dry sawdust, placed around the roots of a plant, will effectually protect it from cut worms. His experiments have been on a pretty large scale and failed in no instance.

A genuine erasive soap that will remove grease and stains from clothing is made as follows: Two pounds of good castile soap; half a pound of carbonate of potash, dissolve in a pint of hot water. Cut the soap in thin slices, boil the soap with the potash until it is thick enough to mold in cakes; add alcohol, half an ounce; camphor, half an ounce; hartshorn, half an ounce; color with half an ounce of pulverized charcoal.

A LAUNDRY SECRET.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher and pour on it a pint or more of water; then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle and cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water in a pint of starch makes in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

COUGHING.—The best method of easing a cough is to resist it with all the force of will possible, until the accumulation of phlegm becomes greater; then there is something to cough against, and it comes up very much easier and with half the coughing. A great deal of hacking, and hemming, and coughing in invalids is purely nervous, or the result of mere habit, as is shown by the frequency with which it occurs while the patient is thinking about it, and its comparative rarity when he is so much engaged that there is no time to think, or when the attention is impelled in another direction.

DEW DROPS OF WISDOM.

Nothing is sharper and more penetrating than the rebukes of love.

There are many who talk on from ignorance rather than from knowledge, and who find the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation.

Julian Hawthorne says of a meerschaum pipe: "It is like woman's heart—as soft, as light, as brittle, and as enigmatic, and only time and use can prove it true."

Truth wears well, and sits easy on the wearer; while new-fangled errors, like new fashioned clothes, please for a while, but pinch men hard for the sake of the fashion.

Much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory; we can never recall the joy with which we laid our heads on our mother's bosom, or rode our father's back in childhood; doubtless that joy is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot.—George Eliot.

HONESTY.—There is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may sometimes be temptations to be otherwise; but all things considered, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to be honest.

IDLENESS.—It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she indeed, influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtue.

The man who does nothing don't amount to much. It makes but little difference whether he is a millionaire or a pauper. He is only a stagnant pool, without energy enough to start a ripple. He diffuses a moral miasma over everything around him. Do something; don't stand on the corner gazing with your hands in your pockets like an idiot. The world was made to work in, and if you fill your hearts with good angels, the bad spirits will keep out because there is no room for them.

Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 6, and 18 is the vapor of water.
My 2, 8 and 6 is something to drink.
My 18, 19, 6 and 2 is something to eat.
My 10, 13, 17, 16 and 1 is something that ladies wear.

My 10, 3, 17, and 18 is an animal.
My 5, 3, 6, 7, 18, 19 and 20 is seen every day.
My 2, 6 and 13 is a resinous substance.
My 2, 6, 13 and 14 is a desert.
My 11, 6 and 2 is a large cistern.
My 10, 16, 18 and 19 is a silver coin.
My 13, 6, 15, 20, 17 and 16 is the name of one of our Hickory merchants.

My whole is seen in the VINDICATOR weekly.

Hickory Station, Missa, May, '76

Answer to "J. W. M.'s" enigma of last week: "Pay as you go."